

MIGHTY MARVEL OF AN  
See the Chief Secretary's

THE

ADVANCE IN THE WAR CRY WAR  
Notes on Another Page.

# WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

OL. II. NO. 28. [Journal of the U. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, DEC. 26. 1896. [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner for North-Western America.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



THE SAVIOUR OF THE MODERN MAGDALENE.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF BRIGADIER ADDIE.

Scene VII

"After we had been in the rink a week or two, I was going along the street one

"Not very much!" he said, "I never was happier in my life than when I had to rush home for my tea, and then out to the Market Square to lead the meeting, I revelled in it!"

"What about your shop-mates? These

(To be continued).

By The General Secretary.

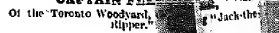
In the prayer, than of the spirit that prompts their utterance! What answer say, "Hallowed be Thy Name," often take that precious name in vain! They say, "Thy will be done," and never make any serious effort to do it. They repeat

**CAPTAIN FLY**  
Of the Toronto Woodyard, "Hinter," "Jack-the-

THE SEA



**'The Shop-Walker Stepped Across the Floor.'**

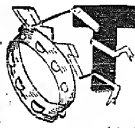


Of the 'Toronto Woodyard,  
ripper."

**THE WO**



## CHRISTMASTIDE

Salvation Army's  
Social Operations.

THE FOL-  
LOWING, from  
sources, give  
one of the  
work of this  
title by

## THE PRICE REI

By COLONEL JAS

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true soldier of Jesus Christ is never sat-  
isfied with past accomplishments, only  
to give God the glory for them, take  
courage and go forward. Here we take  
our stand on the threshold of '17. Shall

GOD pity the children! With respect  
to some of them that strange expression  
in the General's "hardest England" is  
literally true, they are "not born but  
damned into the world." The Army is  
doing and will do much for the children  
of this Christmastide. Here is a sample  
of the work carried on amongst children:

## Wee Bertie

ENSIGN JESSIE McDONALD, Re-  
fugee Home.

The wind whistled around the old farm  
house one December night, when little  
Bertie was born. She was not weaned  
until, such children as she was at  
seldom weaned. She had a bad  
mother and worse father, but little Bertie  
lived and grew as other children do.

The mother soon became tired of the  
quiet country home and went off to one  
of our large cities, there to continue the  
life of sin and shame she had begun.

Little Bertie soon learned to run around  
and then her own baby talk, but the old wo-  
man who had the care of her knew little  
or nothing about God's love, and how  
could she tell the child? She never heard  
the name of Jesus in prayer—never  
heard of Him.

## OUR LOCAL OFFICERS.

The Salvation Army Industrial  
Colony.

By ENSIGN DODD.

Charles John was born in England in  
the year 1876. He was apprenticed to  
blacksmithing at the age of 14. At 21 he  
came to Canada and worked in his trade  
in New Hope, near Galt. From there to



THE WOODYARD, in connection with our Toronto Workman's Hotel.



TORONTO "LIFEBOAT" STAFF.

When five years old her mother returned  
to the old farm house and took the  
child away with her to the city,—took  
the poor little innocent, almost a babe,  
into one of the worst "dens" in the city.  
One of such places as must make the  
angels weep, when they see the ones for  
whom Jesus died living in sin of the  
drunken, dyed, drinking and carousing day  
and night.

It was, then, into one of these places  
that little Bertie was taken, by whom I  
was told was an "angel" with the sacred  
word "mother," but, nevertheless, her  
mother took her there.

Poor little one, her life had been lonely  
before, but it was worse now, for she was  
beaten and abused, so that she was al-  
most afraid to move.

But Jesus, who was once Himself a  
little child, took compassion on her.

One bleak November morning, a Re-  
fugee Officer is making her way to the  
"den" before spoken of. On arriving, the  
"keeper" in no friendly terms, demands  
what she wants there?

"Came for a child who is here," was  
the answer given.

After much abuse, and vile language,  
and the aid of a friendly policeman, Ber-  
tie is pushed out on the street without  
coat or hat.

Never, never shall that Refugee Officer  
forget as she walked up the street, her  
thankfulness to God for enabling her  
to rescue the innocent child from the  
laws of Hell,—she felt she could compare  
it to nothing else.

After Bertie was taken to the "Home,"  
she realized for the first time in her life  
something of what it was to love and be  
loved.

She was such a grateful little thing, "I  
do love you," she would say to the Ma-  
trons, and she wanted her most of all to  
love Jesus and thank Him for everything  
she had and so a few happy months went  
by, until, one bright summer morning we  
saw her goodbye at the railway station.

She is going away to the country again,  
but to a far different home to the other.  
She is adopted into the home of one of  
our Officers, where she is surrounded by  
all that love can do to make her life  
happy.

And here we leave her, praying that  
she may never know the "ways of sin"  
and that she may be a blessing, not only  
to her father and mother, but to many  
others.

NOTHING is more valuable in our  
society, whether directly social or only  
spiritual, than free to face work. "Per-  
sonal dealing," as it is familiarly called  
in the Army. The following is a thrillingly  
interesting incident of the value of  
personal dealing:

A Pearl in the Mud Brought to  
Light.

A Midnight Visitation Incident.

It was midnight in an American city.  
The street which had hitherto been full of  
business into only a few store hours be-  
fore has closed its doors of marketing,  
and as we pass up the street for several  
blocks, all is quiet and still.

Then again, in the distance, we see  
brightly lighted houses. We are visiting  
a few of the fallen people of the city,  
and telling them of the new life in Jesus  
Christ, which makes sinful hearts clean,  
foul minds pure, wicked motives good,  
blighted hopes inspired, and wicked lives  
beautiful.

We entered one of the houses, and sought  
to help some dark, cheerless soul there.  
Above the purring and foul language we  
are enabled to make one poor woman lis-  
ten to our story.

She was a woman of some thirty years

of age—she had a sad countenance, eyes  
that once gazed into those of a fond  
mother, as that mother was crossing the  
cold river of death, and said, "Yes, moth-  
er, I'll meet you there." These eyes are  
blurred now by drink, the face is flushed,  
and instead of the innocent child of years  
ago, we see a wicked, sinful woman. Oh,  
how we loathed the sin, but not the sin-  
ner. These beautiful words came to our  
lips:

"No matter how far from the path she  
has strayed,  
No matter what inroads dishonor hath  
made,  
No matter how deep in sin lies the pearl,  
Though tarnished and wicked, she is  
some mother's girl."

We talked to that woman of the love  
of Christ toward all humanity, of His  
forgiving spirit for the long years of sin,  
of the angel mother in Heaven, who that  
night gazed from the portals of Glory  
down into that child's heart, so vile,  
and down on that wasted life. Would a  
ray of light ever stream into that dark-  
ened life? Would the dull brain, which  
is debased by drink, be able to com-  
prehend the message we sought to bring?

We see the bowed head; we hear the  
sobs of repentance, and the prayer, "Oh,  
be merciful to me, a fallen woman." We  
see the face change its expression; we  
notice hope is being inspired within her  
heart, and after a desperate struggle we  
see a calm and joyous smile on her face,  
and hear her say: "Thank God, I'm not  
too late; I'm sure mother is happy  
now!"

We take her by the arm and lead her  
to a respectable place,—Captain Mattie  
Blackledge.

"Motherless, fatherless, sadly I roam,  
A child of misfortune, driven from  
home,

are the words on old ballad-writer puts  
into the mouth of a homeless child.  
Homelessness is a sad state for any one  
to experience, and in the cold winter of  
our country it is absolutely necessary  
and some sort of shelter to avoid  
freezing to death. Stretching from Victo-  
ria, B. C., to Halifax, N. S., the Army  
has dotted here and there cheap refuges  
for men. The following account, copied  
from a Halifax paper, gives an interest-  
ing idea of an Army Shelter, except that  
attached to many of them is a labor  
yard, where moneyless men can, in ex-  
change for their labor, obtain the where-  
withal to purchase the food and lodging  
they need.

## IN THE SALVATION ARMY REFUGE.

Good and Cheap Food for the Unfortunate  
Poor The Bedroom an Amazing Sight  
—What is no Doubt the Cause of  
Many a Crime.

Str.—After having walked 4,000 miles  
from "coast to coast," and then about  
1,500 more round Nova Scotia, I did not  
think that I would come to have to seek  
shelter in the Refuge. However, the  
Rev. Mr. Hague, of St. Paul's, evidently  
chanced me amongst the "homeless" who  
parade the city, and very kindly made  
me a present of a short note to the cap-  
tain, bearing the magic words, "Two  
beds, three meals," which was an "open  
sentence" to this wonderful hotel on Hol-  
list street. The room downstairs, which  
answers the purpose of office, dining-  
room and sitting-room, is large and com-  
fortable enough. Several tables are placed  
along the walls, and in the centre, and  
three times a day they groan beneath  
the weight of luxuries, such as are offered  
on the bill of fare, which varied as  
follows:

Soup and bread .....	3c.
Soup .....	2c.
Bread and butter .....	3c.

Pie or pudding .....	2c.
Beans .....	3c.
Fish and potatoes .....	5c.
Ham and eggs .....	10c.
Tea, coffee or milk .....	2c.
Beefsteak, potatoes .....	10c.
Liver and onion .....	10c.
Hash or stew .....	5c.

Thus it will be seen that the guests at this hotel can regale themselves with choice and cheap articles of diet. I must add a word of praise to the cook, who certainly serves up these various dishes in a first-class manner.

#### The Upstairs Room

contains about fifty bunks, which are supplied with a woven wire mattress, on the top of which is laid another mattress, pillow, a pair of sheets and several quilts. It is an extraordinary sight to enter this common bed-chamber between the hours of 10 and 12 p.m. From its remote corners come the most dismal sounds and groans, accompanied by multi-sounding snore, varying from the shrill squeak of a penny whistle down to the low mutterings of the deep trombone. Here a poor fellow who has over-eaten himself is racked with nightmare, and visions of three or four hundred-weight of baked beans careering wildly over his inanimate body, fill his troubled brain and cause him to cry out in terror. Then an unlucky "hobo," who has imbibed too much "fire water" lays moaning and restless, turning about on his narrow couch muttering incoherent threats about circumstances that have occurred during the day. A few old hands are quietly reclining with their eyes half closed and taking everything in, as if they enjoyed the free show immensely.

#### One of Two Late Rooms

are disrobing and scattering their odds and ends of wearing apparel on the floor or under their bunk, and earnestly storing their more valuable possessions away under the pillow. Slang and chaff of various descriptions fly around the room until at length, when the candles lower the light at midnight, a comparative feeling of rest comes over the apartment and sleep overcomes them all.

It may be here remarked that the charge for a "bunk" is 10 cents per night. There is also a smaller room with a few iron bedsteads at 15 cents, which are left to those who desire a little more privacy. At 7 a.m. the bell is rung and the good soldiers make the round of the room, tinking the bell merrily in the ears of the still dazed and sleepy mass of humanity and compel them to get up, make their beds and dress.

It is sad to think that many of these poor fellows go out into the cold air of morning without a bite to eat or even a cup of hot coffee to cheer them up. What wonder, then, if they meet some luckier elum and gladly accept of the invitation to take a glass. This is the beginning of the day and many a crime is no doubt committed because the poor fellow had eaten no breakfast and had swallowed an early dose of brain poison. All praise is due to the self-denying officers of this institution; but they cannot do impossibilities, and as far as they have gone they have done good work in opening the refuge for the poor and needy of Halifax.

BERESFORD GREETHHEAD.

Major Howell has returned from his sojourn in the East.

Caps in air for Ensign Bale, the latest addition to the Staff.

A tremendous banquet is to be held at the Temple on New Year's Day.



The Spectre that Broods o'er India.

## The FAMINE FIEND of INDIA.

Graphic Account of Starvation-Land from Despatches by Our Indian War Correspondent.

WOMEN DYING DAILY—BOYS AND GIRLS WALK FOR

THE GENERAL'S SC



The black pall of a great general famine hangs heavy and low over the ancient land of India.

We can hardly imagine these horrors, but in India their effects are terrible, unreckoned. In the Orissa Famine of 1899, for instance, 1,500,000 people died, according to official returns. And in the 1877 famine, with improved organization, and though £700,000 was raised for relief, the loss of life was enormous.

The simple cause of an Indian famine is the failure or shortness of rain, upon which the crops so largely depend. India is an agricultural country.

#### Overcrowded India.

The density of this rural population is hardly creditable to people in this country. According to an official report, "any density of a large country approaching two hundred per square mile implies mines, manufactures, or the industries of cities." But in India three times this

wells, they depend almost altogether upon the rainfall. That failing, the wells dry up, and—famine! The canal-water leaseholders, on the other hand, are exempted for their crops, with their unfailing supply of water, will grow, rain or no rain. This, then, is the slowly-rising spectre that already coldly haunts the vision of millions of people in India—FAMINE! It is getting taller, bigger, more distinct every day, and it is seen to be none other than the grim, merciless Skeleton of Death, hovering over its victims, ready to strike—nay, striking already!

#### Famine Facts.

Strain riots, the usual forerunners of famine, have broken out all over the country.



Saving the Children.

The Governor of Bombay, on his way up the mountains to his official residence, was stopped by a number of villagers, who pathetically pleaded to be saved from starvation.

Deaths from starvation are occurring everywhere. In a certain part of the Central Provinces the crops have failed for the fourth year in succession, and a correspondent of a Bombay paper says: "We are surrounded by villages. I know nine in which there is no food and no seed grain. The people in the other villages have only a very small quantity of seed grain. People are actually dying of starvation. Quite a number who come into our little station, begging food, died on our roads. Some of these died during the night, and when their bodies were found the jackets had mutilated them. Women are walking about begging, almost nude, and with their bones protruding through the skin."

#### Living Children-Skeletons.

And the children, too, are suffering fearfully. One child was "found lying on the dead body of his mother under a van in the railway-yard; a few days later another was found in the same place by the side of his dying mother. These women died from starvation."

#### Where Starvation Land is.

There are at present three chief areas in India where famine threatens. The Central Provinces (area, 86,534 square miles; population, 10,932,293); the Punjab (area, 110,667 square miles; population, 20,886,847); the North-West Provinces (area, 107,533 square miles; population, 46,956,088). Other parts of the country (Bombay, Madras, and Burma especially) are more or less in danger, but these three provinces, having a population of nearly eighty millions, will suffer severely.



Scene in an Indian Famine-Stricken Village.

In these Provinces, the fields, the hope and stay of the peasants, entirely surround each village, making it an island of houses in a sea of soil, and continue end on end for hundreds of miles, broken only by pretty towns, or groves of mango trees, or the waters of some of the many tributaries of the Ganges.

#### Indian Wells.

A prominent and permanent feature of this landscape is the well of the field, for irrigation. These primitive affairs, with the tanks, lakes and other private works, irrigate eight million acres of crops in these provinces. There are, of course, large areas watered from the artificial canals built by the Government, of which, in all India, there are fourteen thousand miles, supplying twenty million acres—two million acres in the North-West Provinces alone. But in parts of the provinces the landholders think that well-water is warmer and more fertilizing.

These surface-wells, besides, are very cheaply made, costing next to nothing; but canal water has to be taken on lease and paid for. So the wells are still freely in use, which accounts for much of the present famine—no, being only surface-

An eye-witness on the spot writes:—"I have often thought my own life was gradually rolling out with the cure and anxiety over these sick and dying and homeless children. They come with bones thrust through their skin, with eyes turned inside out; with dysentery, cholera and with everything. Children five and six years old were brought in baskets, because they could not walk. Men, women and children came with mouths and cheeks swollen, till they looked like horrible monsters, and with blood streaming from their mouths to the ground. Beggers looted the houses and restaurants to the raw flour as they ran. Beggers go into a house and will not go out.

while their condition is so terrible one slight blow will kill them. When we refused to take the children, they were hidden on our veranda. I have seen dead children tied hand and foot to a pole, as they carried dead rats, and carried off to be buried by sweepers. At first it was difficult to see the girls; boys were more plentiful. Men were found to be gathering the girls to sell for bad purposes."

#### Relief.

Against all this there may be no relieving by way of a relief:

1. The Government is fully prepared with a vast and complete organization. The Indian Civil Service is, out doubt, the finest body of civil servants in the Empire, and they will do their duty to a man.

2. Government has remitted revenue to the amount of one crore of rupees more than half a million sterling—an advanced eighteen lakh of rupees (\$2,800,000) for well-digging, salt-trading and other bits of emergency from the vast sum of sorrow-suffering, and you have a remainder for the Salvation Army to offer. The Salvation Army is going to be in charge, as the General's appointment is. But how much shall we do that depends upon you.

We have on the spot, in the North-West Provinces and the Punjab, a general body of officers, who have already working there for some time. Their hearts have been broken by what they see daily, and the way they go up from weeping, hair-whitening women and dying men. All this must be doubly interesting to those or four months, and the will be groaning over an India Army with twenty times Armenia's victims.

#### The General's Proposals.

In conclusion, let us briefly review General's proposals of help given in last issue—

I. To buy large quantities of grain at cheap centres, and sell it at lowest possible rates.

II. Industrial Schools for each famine centre, orphans, and other destitute children.

III. Loans to villages, or groups of villages, for well-digging.

IV. Free grain, etc., to worst cases, starvation—at least one meal per week might be given to twenty, and for six months, for £4,000.

In addition, The General has ordered the digging of some of the large artificial irrigation ponds on our own Famine Colony, which will work to hundreds of people in Gujrat, and has forwarded 2,000 rupees to Gujrat, to be used by the Army for famine purposes, and promises to follow. He has set apart £1,600 for the Self-Denial Week in Britain for these objects, and now looks to friends of India to give the additional help required.

## OUR LOCAL OFFICE



SECRETARY CASSIN, Halifax.

#### The New Commandment.

"But I say unto you which hear: Inasmuch as ye have hated him that hateth you—"

THIS is a very close test of Christianity. This is a test not only for people who are holiness of heart, but for followers of Jesus, and we are sure there is a lack of genuine holiness, and that there is need of a work of purty and power.

We are not commanded to love our enemies, but we are to love our neighbors, and manifest the love of Jesus towards them. Famine God, receiving the richness of His Son may be fitted unto every good work.



# A Startling Sensation. Two Open Doors

(See Front Page Picture.)

By MRS. MAJOR READ.

The doors of the City Hospital closed heavily upon the poor, distressed young creature. How the wind whistled through the autumn leaves! Its scorching breath penetrated her poor clothing and chilled her through and through. She was very weak and trembled violently.

The bundle in her arms made her stagger beneath its unyielding weight. She clutched it desperately as if her very burden would become a support to her faltering steps.

What should she do? To whom should she turn in her trouble? She dare not face the scorned friends who had cast her from their doors. Desolved, deserted, and unloved, with the little head upon her breast, for whom she must find a cover before the evening shadows fell.

She might tramp the streets, cold and hungry—but the baby—that tender form must be shielded from the biting blasts.

I do not know whether she loved it deeply. If so, how her heart ached at the thought of her babe's pitiable condition. If not, she must still do her best to save the little life—the law demanded that. No one would give her a moment with a child two weeks old, requiring a mother's care. It was useless to think of it; anyway, she was too weak to work.

At that supreme moment when the past looked up, black and disappointing behind, and the future stretched out dark as midnight before, and no eye paled, no heart sympathized, no hand was extended to save—the crisis came.

As she wandered aimlessly along the streets, a voice arrested her despairing heart. Coming at that moment, it seemed a kind voice. A few sentences and the gaunt, shivering creature took possession of mother and little one. If Mary's mind had been clearer and on her heart for possible danger, she would doubtless have noticed how little the drowsy woman said about the terms of her reception into the place to which she gave such a pressing invitation. A few carefully covered suggestions were all unheeded. Poor lost Mary! She did not notice, and it was the only open door—and she crossed its threshold, to live a life she never dreamed would be her fate, when she took the first false step.

A gentle, sympathetic face looked down kindly from under the blue banner of the Army sister. Her manner, her simple form of speech, uttered in a low, musical tone, inspired hope and strength to the girl whose child was clamped lovingly in her arms. This Christian woman did not despise her because of her fall.

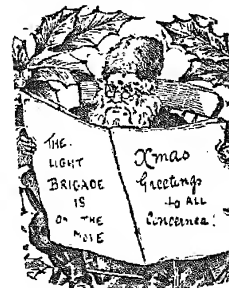
She was quite willing—even anxious to help her back to a life of respectability and truth, for the soul of that good woman did not fail to recognize the heinousness of her transgression and loath it in proportion to the purity of her own nature. She realized, too, that a Saviour—Christ would pardon, and while He invited, His disciples must NOT repeat the weakest or most sinful.

To-day Mary and her helpless little one are sheltered within the friendly precincts of an Army Home. Mary, ever grateful for the "chance" which won her the favor of God and the respect of those about her, is doing her best to live a changed life, changed in the truest sense of the word, made new through a living faith in the Blood of Jesus.

Does some one object and say, "You encourage vice and make the path of sin smooth?" We take exception to that objection. Is it better, we ask, to leave these poor, forsaken girls at the most critical moment of their lives, when they are left to suffer alone, unable to obtain work, and often unfit to do it if obtainable, with a blighted, irretrievable past behind and not a ray of light in the future, to drift, as one we have quoted has drifted.

Is it not more Christlike, more in accordance with the spirit of true nineteenth century civilization to snatch the disappointed, broken-spirited woman from the world's chilly blasts, and the influence of sinful surroundings.

We exclaim not the S.N.C. we seek to help the injured and save the innocent.



## A 16 PAGE WAR CRY.

### First Week in February. . . Boomers Will Have a Picnic.

### THE PRICE REMAINS THE SAME.

By COLONEL JACOBS, Chief Secretary.

In every department of the war, 1916 has been marked with advance, and in nothing more so than in respect to the War Cry. One of the greatest facts that has



ever been placed upon record in the history of the Salvation Army is the fact that during the past year the circulation of the War Cry has been more than doubled. The paper has certainly made its mark and fought its way to greater usefulness in the Salvation War. Should we not be thankful? Yes, we are thankful, thankful indeed, but not satisfied. The spirit of a true soldier of Jesus Christ is never satisfied with past accomplishments, only to give God the glory for them, take courage and go forward. Here we take our stand on the threshold of '17. Shall we be satisfied merely to maintain our present position? Ten thousand times no! A further advance sought to be, and shall be made during the year. Having done well in the past encourages us, and the fact that we have doubled the circulation should inspire us to make an attempt at accomplishing what to some people may seem impossible.

We are most happy to be able to make the announcement that a still further advance has been decided upon. After

most careful and prayerful consideration, the Field Commissioner has decided that THE WAR CRY SHALL BE ENLARGED TO SIXTEEN PAGES, and the price remain the same. (Everybody say Hallelujah!)

The first edition of the enlarged War Cry will be the one dated February 6th, which also will be the War Cry Boom Week.

It has been found most difficult in the past to fully represent this vast Territory in the present Cry. Articles, reports and notes have of necessity had to be cut down, and in many cases good readable matter has had to be put into the waste-paper basket simply because there was no room. This enlargement will give the field a better representation than it has had in days gone by.

The spirit of it will be aggression and advance, showing the way of salvation, and the onward march of the Salvation Army. With the increased size, there will, of course, be an increased circulation. Every Corps should at once prepare for the great battle. Let it be the ambition of every Officer and Soldier to see that the sale of the Cry in their Corps goes up. Let a War Cry Correspondent be appointed at once, who will fully report the facts of the war week by week as they transpire at each Corps. Let there be such a perfecting of our system of War Cry selling as will make it impossible for any one to escape being asked to buy a War Cry.

Further particulars later on.



Oh, the mischief done by some of God's professed children, by this spirit of enmity and hatred. "If we love not our brother whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen?"

SERGEANT-MAJOR CLARK, of Charlotte-town, talks on "Where Does the Trouble Lie?"

There have been people come to our meetings through something that was said or done. The Spirit of God has taken hold of them; they have yielded, and have been pardoned. Oh, how humble they were! They would be on for God and souls; they would be on for the march, and they marched time for the march, and they marched not get away in the meetings. We have seen them get sanctified, and you could not help but feel they had the blessing. They could absent and give vent to their feelings; there was no hollow sound about them.

But something happened in their experience—they are different to-day. My opinion is that they have neglected prayer; they did not go into their closet and shut the door, and pray to their Father in secret. They saw a thing going wrong; they see everybody else is going wrong, and don't use their right; the Officers don't do their duty; they have lost their power with God. They used to

dress for Jesus, but they don't do it now. They don't pray in the prayer meetings, and they seldom come in time for the march now; still, they sit on the platform and say they love Jesus with all their heart. Poor Jesus! There is something wrong.

Comrades, don't forget your first love. Do you remember how you loved to get to meetings, and how your very being was filled with the glory of God, in prayer meetings, especially on Sunday nights? Do you love like you used to? Or has something gone wrong? Are you one of the class I've been speaking about? If so, I pray that God will take hold of you and help you seek again your first love and the joy of His Salvation. Do not rest satisfied till you have paid your vows. You called on people to witness that you would be true to God and the Army, your profession, confess your wrong; what joy that will bring to your poor people! Some one else will confess their soul! Some one else will be saved, and God's name glorified.

IF CHRISTMAS marks more defeat, weakness, failure in living good, selfishness, than was our experience at the same period last year, we are nearer hell than Heaven. Christ rose from the dead and ascended to Heaven. If we do not in this life rise out of sinful thought, word and deed, there is no Heaven for us.

PEGGAWAY.

wells, they depend almost altogether upon the rainfall. That failing, the wells dry up, and—famine! The canal-water leaseholders, on the other hand, are careless, for their crops, with their unfailing supply of water, will grow, rain or no rain. This, then, is the slowly-rising specter that already coldly haunts the vision of millions of people in India—FAMINE! It is getting taller, bigger, more distinct every day, and it is seen to be none other than the grim, merciless skeleton of Death, hovering over its victims, ready to strike—now, striking already!

### Famine Facts.

Fruit riots, the usual forerunners of famine, have broken out all over the country.



Saving the Children.

The Governor of Bombay, on his way up the mountains to his official residence, was stopped by a number of villagers, who pathetically pleaded to be saved from starvation.

Deaths from starvation are occurring everywhere. In a certain part of the Central Provinces the crops have failed for the fourth year in succession, and a correspondent of a Bombay paper says: "We are surrounded by villages. I know none in which there is no food and no seed grain. The people in the other villages have only a very small quantity of seed grain. People are actually dying of starvation. Quite a number who come into our little station, begging food, died on our roads. Some of these died during the night, and when their bodies were found the jackals had mutilated them. Women are walking about begging, almost nude, and with their bones protruding through the skin."

### Living Children-Skeletons.

And the children, too, are suffering fearfully. One child was "found lying on the dead body of his mother under a van in the railway-yard; a few days later another was found in the same place by the side of his dying mother. These women died from starvation."



An eye-witness on the spot writes:—"I was often thought my own life was actually going out with the cure and sixty over these sick and dying and meek children. They come with bones run through their skin, with eyes red inside out; with dysentery, cholera, and with everything. Children five and six years old were brought in hospitals, because they could not walk. Men, women and children came with mouths and cheeks swollen, till they looked like ribbed monsters, and with blood streaming from their mouths to the ground. Women looked like ravens and even went into the raw dirt as they ran. Beg—go into a house and will not go out."

## OUR LOCAL OFFICERS.



SECRETARY CASHIN, Halifax 1, OR The New Commandment.

But I say unto you which hear: Love your enemies as you love them that hate you.—LUKE VI. 27.

THIS is a very close test of real Christianity. This is a precept not only for people who profess holiness of heart, but for every follower of Jesus, and we may be sure there is a lack of genuine religion if we are unable to keep this commandment, and that there is need of a further work of purity and power.

We are not commanded to love the ways of sinners, but we are to love their souls, and to lead them, manifest the spirit of Jesus towards them. Praise God! by receiving the fulness of His Spirit we may be fitted unto every good work.

## THE COMMISSIONER

ST. JOHN, N.B.

## INSTALLATION OF MAJOR PUGMIRE.

The New P. O.

Twenty-Two Penitents—Mechanics' Institute Gorged.

(BY TELEGRAPH.)

Visit of Miss Booth to St. John, N.B. Conducted three wonderful meetings. Mechanics' Institute filled in the afternoon and fairly gorged at night. City Staff stirred. Commissioner with wonderful force and power dealt out eternal truths to the vast congregation. Twenty-two penitents. One hundred and sixteen dollars. Now P. O. Major and Mrs. Pugmire, installed and welcomed with open arms. Make this well known.

STAFF-CAPT. GAGE.

## WAR STORY

Starving India.

On another page we give a brief account of the Indian famine area. The rain, which in some districts has fallen, is too late for the autumn crops, and the need is desperate in its urgency. The General's plan of help includes the supply of cheap grain, establishment of Industrial Schools for the children and orphans, loans of money for well-building, and co-operation with the Government officials wherever possible. In his printed appeal on behalf of India, the General says:

"Should the famine reach the severity anticipated, the people will, of necessity, very soon be without the means to procure grain, however cheaply it may be offered. They must, therefore, either be fed or die. It has been calculated by those who have lived in the country, and fought their way through former years of famine, that the famine-stricken can be kept alive through the season of distress on one meal per day. This amount of food, at the increased price of grain, will cost about two-pence per week. English money. At this rate, twenty thousand men, women, and children can be maintained for six months at a cost of about £4,000. It may be a little more, it may be a little less than this amount. If, during the early weeks of the distress, this grain be sold at, say, half-price, the numbers who can be helped will be proportionately increased.

Other plans are under consideration. Anyway, something must be done, and done quickly. I have already given instructions for the construction of large 'bunkers' upon our farms, and forwarded a thousand roubles each to three of our centres of operation, and more must go immediately. I calculate that £3,000 will be required to keep our own British families and their dependents alive. The success of the Self-Defence effort just closed enables me to devote at once £1,000 towards this object. I must look to the friends of India, and especially the friends of the Salvationists in India, for this amount. To do a good thing promptly greatly increases its value. Will our friends consider the matter and reply?"

Four cents for one man's life for one week? Who is there cannot spare four cents?



Staff-Capt. Keith. Col. Eadie.

Married at Oldham, Eng.

Colonel Eadie, of the Manchester Province, (the Chief Secretary of the United States) has been married to Staff-Capt. Keith, of Oldham, England. It was one of the most remarkable wedding demonstrations ever held in the Army, and was conducted by Commissioner Gage. Fifty-five saints took part in the celebration.

## A CHRISTMAS LETTER

From the

to the Commissioner.



WITH the bells of Christmas time ringing all around me, suggesting so many subjects upon which I might and would like to have written to the followers of the Bethlehem Christ, yet I cannot help but give way to a stronger yearning, which I find in my heart to-night, to send a few words to that class of people whom I consider to be the most miserable, the most desolate, the most forsaken of all classes, and for whom my heart holds the deepest pity—the drunkard!

I fancy I can see you this Christmas-tide, while the bells are summoning all to join in triumphant song and shout the praises of God; while hundreds of fathers and mothers, with well-dressed, happy children, are hurrying to the various places of worship; while the peal of merry laughter rings from many a juvenile group on going over the contents of their respective stockings; while the dinner-bell, or the call, "Father, it is ready!" gathers many a humble household round the table of a specially-prepared meal; I fancy I can see you, your home, your children, your torn jacket, your empty pocket, your fevered brow, your dark past, your deep despair! And your head is so aching you can scarcely hold it up, while your thoughts with rampant speed rush back and on, and then round and round the present, until you are almost frenzied by the whirl of memories and regrets.

No one has put a card in your letter-box, no one has given, or wished they could give, you a little present, no one has even remembered your little girl. She could not hang out her stocking, there was

## No Crib to Hang It to.

there was no one to fill it, besides, there was no stocking to hang, her mother had to take them for bread long ago, and she is only three years old, but a baby. You can't remember when you were three, perhaps you wish you could, but you know a mother's love and father's care were round you then.

You cannot bear to look at her sleeping on the floor, and that bit of rag with the piece of string tied round one corner with which she has made a Christmas doll. The rag, the string, the pinched features, and the matted hair all have voices, and call out truths you cannot bear to hear. How different things were long ago? What she was to you once? It was somewhere near Christmas when God sent her first to bless you, and formed the link between your soul and the sky. They might you thanked Him for the treasure; how you almost wish to see her die.

Then there is the breast she nestles on, the woman you loved and promised to cherish. Reporting angels have been filled with horror at the scenes they have witnessed since you spoke your marriage vows. What a story they will have to tell of her to the Morning! The story of tears, the story of cruel neglect, the story of terror and dread, the story of money snatched for beer, earned by her needle and thread; the story of farewell under the salutar's hand, the clock-her mother's wedding present—given with

## A Kiss that Morning.

and the cloak you gave her that day to wear; the story of the curse and blow, and a heart crushed with hopeless love. Oh, what a story! They say there are no tears in Heaven, but I think I hear hovering angels sobbing while I write about you, and if in your heart there is yet any feeling left, then your thoughts must be as a scalding liquid in your brain.

I see you! I see you as one of a crowd numbering thousands, any tens of thousands; in the streets, crawling broad thoroughfares, swishing in and out of lighted gin-palaces, staggering out at narrow courts and up rickety stairs, filling dens of the deepest vice, sitting round card-tables, crowding into the low theatres, and streaming out of places too vile and base to mention. They see you! There is an inextinguishable fire in your eyes, reminding one of the uncertainty of time; there is a glassiness in your eye, pointing one to the ships of the Judgment flames, telling of the fire of Hell that already burns in your breast; a blackness



READING THE LETTER.

ness about your features, a mark of that subtle chain, long, dark and cruel, which has fastened itself around you, one end in the bottomless pit and the other round your poor soul.

"Satan has resolved to have you, for his lawful prey; Jesus Christ has died to save you. Haste, oh, haste away."

There are the young among you, the strong, the talented, some of earth's finest intellects, but wrecked. Youth's flower, with its many glorious powers, shuddered; the morning of your life ebbed. You began by only taking a little, but the thirst in your veins, unquenched and yielded to, has formed a wave to carry you out to the wilder, deeper ocean of destruction. I see the rich—the demon master is there. It may be beneath the glitter of golden sovereigns, or hang of silk on curtains, or fame of noble name, but there; and its light-blue grasp upon character, nature, conscience and homelife is as the days roll by.

There are mothers among you—fired mothers, wicked mothers—who every day learn cruelly that the way of transgression is hard. They try not to think. They drive out back luck on their children's home. Their hearts are torn, their clothes are torn, their spirits are torn, and in their sober moments they wish they had

never been born, and all through the drink, the drink, the drink!

Then, the soldiers of all faiths, enough to drive down Heaven's arrows.

## Streams of Angola's Tears.

and if bitter tears ever fell in Heaven, then the bitterness ever shed. I see children—hundreds of little children—before they left the cot, blighted and now, with distorted consequences, they do wrong for right. Ten years old, eight, six, five, three, and the child-mother soothes the infant she has been left to guard by wetting its lips with the death-dew.

Some of you are on, on, on in life. I mean. With hate, long since took the place of the black or brown. Life's journey is almost ended. Its candle almost out. Only a few flickers left. A few more suns you will see rise. A few more evenings close. I fancy I can hear the heavy tramp of this death-reckless men, women and children on their way down, down, down to the grave. The devil is pulling, and time is pushing, hastening, hastening men who have never wakened into everlasting evening; women who have never thought, into everlasting thinking. Nothing behind you but sin, curse, and shame; wrecked hopes, blighted life, broken homes, orphaned wife, drunken sons and cursing daughters. Nothing beneath for your poor feet to



tread upon but the sliding ground of hellish chances.

## Forsaken Grace.

and wasted marches; nothing about but the thunderbolts of a rejected wrath; nothing before you but the woe and woe of a lost soul. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! It is in my ears, the heavy marching death procession, and keeping their tread it seems the words I hear.

"The gambler was there, and the drunkard, and the men who had sold their souls for drink. With the people who gave him their souls, they were there. Together in hell did they sink."

And so tens and tens of thousands slinger out of time is pity.

I wish I could speak to you—to you each. I wish I could be your slave; perhaps in my need have done, and you have said good now; you are

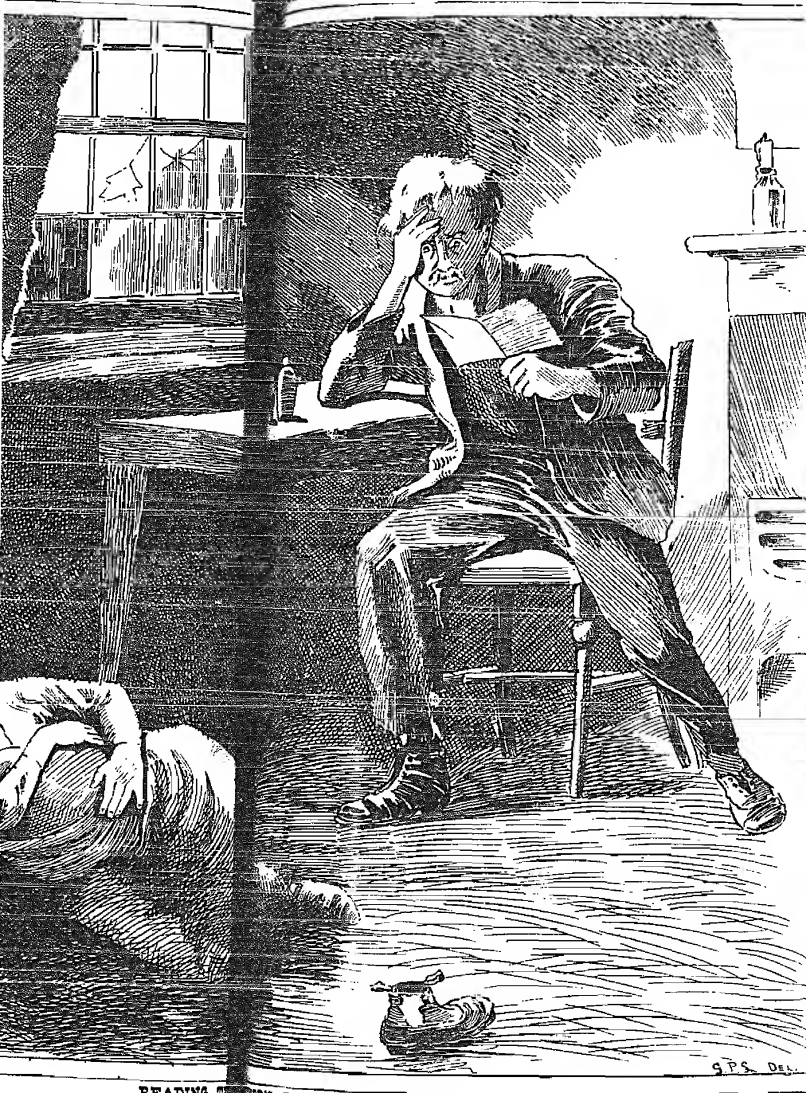
## In the Whirlpool.

If you had only started left Christ. If you had only started when you



# LETTER to the DRUNKARD.

From the Commissioner.



READING THE LETTER.

born, and all through the  
think, the drink!  
saddest of all facts, enough  
on Heaven's streets.

## Dreams of Angels' Tears.

or tears ever fell in Heaven,  
forest ever shed. I see child-  
le of little children—before  
not, blighted, and now, with  
miseries, they do wrong for  
years old, eight, six, two,  
the child-mother smother the  
has been left to guard by wit-  
ness with the death-drug.

on are out, on-on in life, I  
e hules, long since look the  
black or brown, life's long-  
st ended, its candle almost  
few flickers left. A few more  
see rise. A few more cov-  
fence I can hear the heavy  
death-ruecusion—men, wo-  
men-on their way down,  
to the grave. The death in  
time is pushing, insistent,  
men who have never wept,  
ing weeping; women who  
thought, into everlasting  
thing behind you but sin,  
time; wrecked hopes, blight-  
in homes, murdered wife,  
and crying daughters,  
path) for your poor feet to

tread upon but the shivering ground of  
neglected charities.

## Forsaken Grace.

and wasted mercies; nothing above you  
but the thunderbolts of a rejected God's  
wrath; nothing before you but the dark-  
ness and woe of a lost soul.

Trump! Trump! Trump! It is ringing  
in my ears, the heavy marching of the  
death procession, and keeping time with  
their tread it seems the words thunder  
out:

"The gambler was there, and the drunk-  
ard,  
And the men who had sold him the  
drink,  
With the people who gave him the li-  
cense,  
Together in hell did they sink."

And so tens and tens of thousands of  
drunkards slinger out of time later-  
nity.

I wish I could speak to you—to you all  
—to you each, I wish I could kneel by  
your side; perhaps in my meetings I  
have done, and you have said it is no  
good now; you are

## In the Whirlpool.

If you had only started last Christmas!  
If you had only started when baby died!

If you had only cried for mercy that  
night an old companion leant from the  
door of sin to Jesus, out of sorrow into  
song, out of darkness into light! If you  
had only gone with him to the penitenti-  
form! He asked you to do so, but you  
said, "No!" and now it is too late. Born  
of the drink there have been other sins  
of a dark, dark character, which have  
fastened themselves upon you, and of  
which you dare not think. But you must  
think on the verge of a precipice be-  
cause it is painful. There is Death's  
river, it will overtake you! Life's last  
river—it must be crossed! The last day  
will come, the last hour, the last mo-  
ment, the last second; and some-body  
will look at you, and you won't see  
them; will touch you but you won't  
feel them; will call your name, but you  
won't hear them; and they will say,

## "He's Gone! He's Gone!"

Oh, drunkard, drunkard—poor drunk-  
ard! forsaken, forgotten, forlorn, and  
cast out! Don't despair! Get down on  
your knees, bury your face in your hands,  
and cry aloud to God! Do not feel you  
have no one by to help you, angels hover  
near. The garnet may be bare and empty,  
but Mercy's arms are there. The sin  
deep that stuns, the chains strong that  
bind, but Calvary's Christ, Calvary's

Power the strongest coils unbind, His  
Blood can cleanse you, His Salvation  
reach you. Listen to the thousands in  
our ranks this Christmas Morning, shout-  
ing, "He has done it for us!" Give us  
your hand and we will help you. Leave  
your old companions, they have only  
dragged you down, we will be your  
friends and help you struggle against  
your temptations, will help you pass  
the gin-shop door, will help you go on  
up to the New Jerusalem. Oh, call to  
him! Four on your heart! It is the  
penitent's prayer that penetrates,  
the gloom of dark despair, let loose the  
cursed thing! Never touch it, never look  
at it, never let your mind dwell upon it!  
In the place of the false gin-shop and

## The Dance of the Tap-Room.

there will be the music and shining faces  
of the Salvation Band. Instead of the  
dirty house, a clean one. Instead of a  
misdeed wife, a happy one. Instead of  
starving, crying children, well-fed and  
happy ones. Oh! what a Christmas  
Morning if you have God your heart!  
What a holiday of best joys, new joys,  
new songs, the richness and beauty of  
which will be with you while you fight  
and struggle and meritorious and conquer  
an earth with you in the wide shadowy  
valley, when the deep waters run deep,  
and the shadows fall; and with you  
when the trumpet calls and the Pearl  
Gates fling back to let you welcome,  
and your darlings come before him to  
meet you, and you enter into the pres-  
ence of your Lord, to sing the Song  
of the Redeemed for ever and forever.

For the drunkard—dark despairing,  
For the empty, wretched home,  
When his hands the nails were tearing,  
For such sins he did atone.  
Oh, forgive, forgive them Father!  
Out of anguish He did cry,  
And for earth's most wretched sinner  
Made a Blood-path to the sky.

He doth soothe the widow's sorrow,  
He doth wipe the orphan's tear;  
Grace He gives for each to-morrow,  
In His love there's naught to fear;  
Sinner leaving life's dark burdens,  
Hearts oppressed with heaviest woe,  
In His blood have found free pardon,  
His blood, the price of peace and love.

For the broken heart there's healing,  
For the bleeding spirit balm,  
For the hearts which have harmed  
Others.

And for those whom others harm,  
Heaven's shaddest bells are ringing,  
When a sinner seeks the Blood,  
Heaven's fairest angels sing,  
Victory through the Son of God.

G. C. B.

## LATEST NEWS.

### The Indian Famine.

RAIN HAS COME TOO LATE FOR  
MANY DISTRICTS.

### Help Needed at Once.

The terrible urgency of the Ganga's  
appeal is sadly sustained by the latest  
news from the Viceroy of India, His Ex-  
cellency called as follows:

"No rain has fallen in distressed areas  
since our telegram of November 24th. The  
rain has even too late to do much good  
to autumn crops, but in time for late  
sowings; where over one inch will per-  
mit of ploughing; where half-inch or  
sowing in land already ploughed; in a  
cases will greatly benefit seed already  
sown."

But the appalling fact remains that for  
four months tens of thousands of peas-  
ants will live or rather exist, on starva-  
tion fare, enduring and suffering the hor-  
rors which we have described on another  
page, unless substantial help, wisely dis-  
tributed, reaches the people. We need  
not repeat the reasons which The Gen-  
eral presented to "The War Cry" read-  
ers last week. The time for action—love-  
ing, prompt, and generous—has arrived.  
Contributions towards our scheme of  
relief, marked "Indian Famine Fund,"  
should be addressed to EVANGELINE  
ROOTH, ALBERT STREET, TORONTO,  
in whose name all cheques and P.  
O. O. should be made out. The small-  
est gifts will be gladly received, and the  
money will be remitted to India week by  
week.

Adjutant Ayre, of the Pacific Province,  
opens fire on the old town of Wilson, B.  
C., in the mountains.

## GAZETTE.

### PROMOTIONS

CAPTAIN BAILE, Master, Toronto Head-  
quarters, to be Captain.

CADDET BROWN, Winnipeg Station, to be Lieutenant.

CADDET FRASER, Winnipeg Station, to be Lieutenant.

CADDET LITTLE, Kingston, to be Lieuten-  
ant.

### APPOINTMENTS

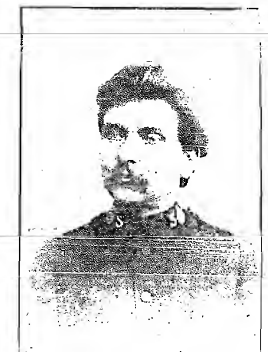
ADJUTANT ANDREWS, Lindsay.

Though King of Glory, Son of God,  
Life's path for us the Saviour trod,  
And shed His precious blood,  
To ransom the lost.

Our highest and best of praises Thou art  
worthy,  
Lord, to receive, we do believe,  
Now and evermore;  
Let Heaven and earth to-day rejoice,  
O'er Jesus' birth, our Hope and Choice,  
Praise Him with heart and voice,  
Whose Name we adore!

... a notice for Revenue Home in  
Montreal, the present one being ex-posed.

## MAJOR HOWELL



Returns from the East.

Has had a Scorching Time—Revol-  
utions to Follow.

"The East" is a place with a great re-  
putation. It might have been the site of  
the original Paradise, judging from the  
terms of endearment with which many of  
its old citizens refer to it.

The latest arrival from the East is  
Major Howell, who has returned from his  
seven weeks' Campaign there, full of good  
words for the East—its people, its Sol-  
diers, its Officers, and with a triumphant  
twinkle in his eyes which speaks well  
for the accomplishments of the past  
seven weeks.

"I went down for the Self Denial," said  
the Major, in an interview with the Ed-  
itor, "and I made up my mind that so far  
as I was concerned, it was personal ef-  
fort that was going to tell on the total.  
I divided the Province, the Chancery  
taking one end and I the other. I was  
full-swing nearly every night of my  
seven weeks. Between us we visited al-  
most every Corps, of the loyalty and  
whole-hearted effort put into the Cam-  
paign by both Officers and Soldiers, I can-  
not speak too highly."

Then followed facts and figures con-  
firming the Editor's unparalled suc-  
cess, but that's a secret to be kept, the  
all the other great Self-Denial secrets,  
quiet till the Thanksgiving War Cry is  
published. Only we will say that the  
military victory which was gained while  
Major Howell led the fight will make  
everybody rub their eyes and look again  
to see if they read correctly.

Mrs. Howell, in her husband's absence,  
like a true warrior, did not sit down to  
wept, but has been leading the attack  
at Lindsay, Ont.

### ECLIPSED ALL RECORDS.

English School recently led the CLIN-  
TON surprise in battle. Crowds were  
most enthusiastic. Open-air demon-  
stration unique. Numbers inside the barracks  
broke all past records. Fluency, ditto.





1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26







By MAJOR J. D.

HURRAH !  
 A 16-PAGE on 6-February 6th.  
 'e price remains the same.  
 ' course all our bloomers about  
 cry !  
 how did you like the Christmas  
 Cry ?  
 my Soldiers who have never sold the  
 Cry will do so now.  
 'erbody is waking up to see the im-  
 portant part the War Cry takes in the  
 Civil War.  
 plain Westcott, of Valley City, N.  
 writes on December 6th, said he had  
 sold a number of them from far  
 away.

Adjutant Lamb, of Chileno, says: "Oh, blessed opportunity of spreading the Gospel of Salvation through the War Cry! I live more and more what the Army accomplish, and already does needful in this way."

O! Here!! Adjutant, you hit the nail on the head then. Read Captain Lamb's report on booming the Cry in route Bowers as a sample of what can be done.

**What a Major Says.**  
 We just received the Self-Denial  
 It is a real beauty and the matter  
 good. Allow me to congratulate  
 the same. May God bless you and  
 staff!

ALEX McMILLAN,  
Provincial Officer,  
Newfoundland.

moilings are good in Cheuly, this week we had times of blossoming. Six o'clock knee-ditch time. A Holiness meeting better indicated. My lady had a march, a collection and song. One old man on the drum-head, and one old man to sing. I was so glad to see him with the drumming at the money. Captain came and put it in her pocket. Singing of a clean heart and a wind-up. Holiness meeting on night was grand. One sinner, who came down by the devil, self, name out and claimed the life of a clean heart. After six or four hours. God met me. Hallelujah—G. M. March 10.

Helena and Missoula are doing well. From five boxes out at Lewiston, Idaho, the sum of \$7.90 was collected. \$1.58 is not a bird average, but who stole this cash? The box in the Log Cabin Saloon at the above place contained \$3.50. . . Captain Sims is putting in a week at Montreal in the interests of Lazarus. May he succeed!

Here is quite a nice note from Ensign Barr: "I think you can expect a good, all-round advance within the next three months." Local Agent Geo. Gamble, of Regina, has written a most encouraging letter, full of determination to help the Scheme at all odds. And shouldn't we like that typewriter that wrote the letter? This brother has 35 boxes out and is aiming for 50 before the end of the quarter. Agent Mrs. Nicolls, of Toronto, writes: "Although just a beginner at this branch of work, the Lord is giving me success."

**GIFTS TO RESCUE HOMES.**

**MONTREAL RESCUE HOME.** Mr. H. Johnson, \$10; Mr. W. Wede, 50c; Mr. A. Hodgson, 50c; Mr. McKim, 50c; Mr. J. Robertson, \$1; Mr. D. Ross, 50c; Mr. A. Matthews, 50c; Mr. C. Lockyer, 50c; Mr. E. Stevenson, 50c; Mr. Lewis, \$1; Mr. R. Miller, 40c; Mr. H. Graham, 50c; Mr. Cooper, \$1; Mr. J. Brown, 25c; Mr. Doh, 25c; Mr. V. Hitchin, 50c; Mr. G. Smith, 50c; Mr. J. B. Macdonald, 50c; Tremble, 50c; Dr. Shirling, \$1; Mrs. Evans, 50c; Mr. R. Lightall, 50c; Mrs. Hubbard, 2c; Mrs. O. McIntosh, 2c; Mr. Jacques, 2c; Mr. G. Healy, 50c; Mr. J. F. Caldwell, 50c; Mrs. J. Hanson, 50c; Mr. H. Graham, 50c; Mr. Fraser, 50c; Mr. J. Mitchell, 2c; Mr. G. Brooks, \$1; Dr. F. Stevenson, \$1; Mr. Corso, 50c; Mrs. Lyman, 50c; Mr. L. S. Jones, 50c; Mr. Lyman, 2c; Mr. Rutland, 2c; Mr. W. Scott, 50c; Mr. Alex. Hutchison, 50c; Mr. D. Bently, 2c; Mr. G. Wood, 2c; Mr. J. Hutchinson, 50c; Mr. H. Pearce, 50c; H. Harwood, 50c; Mrs. M. Rose, 50c; Mr. S. J. Armstrong, 2c; Mr. Chas. Bastin, 50c; Mrs. Burnett, 50c; Mr. J. Nelson, 50c; Mr. I. C. Nelson, 50c; Mrs. Bremner, 2c; Mrs. J. E. Bain, 25c; Mr. J. H. McCall, 50c; Mr. G. H. Lamming, 2c; Miss Popple, 25c; Mr. B. S. Reddy, 25c; Mr. W. T. Lightall, 25c; Mr. J. White, 25c; Mr. I. Wilson, 25c; Mr. J. B. Botwell, 50c; Mr. P. Fisher, \$1; Mr. Thos. Farah, 25c; Mr. A. E. Fuddingham, 25c; Mr. S. S. Stanton, 2c; Mr. L. H. Pakhard, 25c; Mr. T. A. Lynch, 50c; Mr. Jas. Rodgers, 50c; Mr. J. A. McNeil, 50c; Mr. J. A. Cox, 2c; Mr. Dumfries, 2c; Mr. J. A. Nelson, 2c; Mr. J. Hill, 2c; Mrs. Duncan, 2c; Mr. Ames, \$1; Mr. J. Black, 50c; Mr. H. Hoger, 50c; Mr. J. A. McNeil, \$1; Mr. D. Ross, 50c; Mr. Gall, 2c; Mr. A. G. Gardiner, 2c; Mr. J. W. Triggs, 2c; A Friend, \$1; Mr. Chas. Foster, 2c; A Friend, 2c; Friends, \$1; Mrs. J. A. McNeil, 50c; Mrs. J. A. McNeil, 50c; Ann's Market, meat; Mrs. Armstrong, flowers; Mrs. Gratton, flowers; Mr. Masterman, meat; Mr. Welch, cakes; Mrs. Lukes, apples; Mr. Osmond, tea; Mrs. Hamilton, blanket, cotton; Mr. Gardins, meal.

ban, bread, buns, cakes, etc.: Mrs. Jack-  
buns, cakes, etc.; Mr. Cate, bread; Mr.  
Cate, bread; Mr. Cate, bread; Mr.  
Lowens, buns; Mrs. Constable, bread;  
and buns; Lawrence Brothers, bread;  
Mr. Careson, bread, buns, etc.; Mr.  
Careson, bread, buns, etc.; Mr.  
Verrell, meat; Mr. Piddington, meat;  
Mr. Humes, meat; Mr. Nicolais, meat;  
Miss Mayo, buns, cakes, etc.; Mr. S.  
Mayo, buns, cakes, etc.; Mr. Lloyd, buns,  
etc.; Mr. Norris, meat; Hamsden &  
Lloyd, buns, etc.; Mr. Herman, meat;  
Mr. Holman, meat; Mr. Penny, meat;  
Mr. Penny, meat; Mr. Penny, meat;  
Ontario Fish Co., fish, fruit, etc.; McWilliam  
& Ewert, fruit, etc.; Mr. Verrips, ap-  
ples and vegetables; Mr. Barrett, potatoes;  
Mr. Barrett, potatoes; Mr. Flynn,  
fruit; Mr. Brown, meat; Mr. Ingram,  
meat; Mr. Parr, meat; Mr. Wickson,  
meat; Mr. Kelly, meat; Mr. Dennis,  
meat; Mr. Kelly, meat; Mr. Hine, meat;  
Frankland, meat; Mr. Godwin, meat;  
Mr. Cuff, meat and poultry; Mr.  
Cuff, meat and poultry; Mr. Cuff, meat and poultry;  
Mr. Tattle, vegetables; Mr. Wright, vegeta-  
bles; Mr. Grainger, vegetables; Mr.  
Barnford, vegetables. Numerous oth-  
ers. Fruit, flowers, and market, vege-  
tables, apples and flowers.

Scene:—Outside the "Ark,"—A Men's Shelter in England.

Slim: "Shockin' place, this 'ere!"

Mudd: "Orrible! what d'yer think they dus now?"

Slim (expectant): "No; wot is it, mate?"

Mudd (whispers): "A 'ree bath for lodgers."

Slim (nearly fainting): "Grate 'eavus! 'Ere, let's 'ave two of Irish at the "Green Cow,"

(Continued from the Christiana Cry)

Trade Dept., Toronto H.Q.

Christmas is near, and as it comes rushing upon us, it brings with it a train of thought, Christmas! What does it mean? Is it a mere holiday, or poetry, or the mind of man imagine.

As a pious Sadler of the Salvation Army, I have I not seen the exemplification of the birth of Christ, redemption and salvation. New life has come to my soul, and I have seen the birth of new life who were spiritually dead. Christmas is to the world the harbinger of life and of salvation. I saw the first dawn of our new day, the birth of our blessed Army, and, like the first song of a beautiful bird, warbling out a sweet endearment on the air, making everything joyous and glad. Christmas has made the world a little less desolate, it has become Christmas to thousands.

The drunkard, dead to all home and home ties, dead to all love of home and home ties, dead to mother's entreaties, dead to a good counsel, dead to the prayers of a heart broken wife, and the parents of a heart broken wife, dead to the love of a child, can now be made to feel that a liquid life to satisfy his craving, leaves a drum-beat, and voices singing on the sea of life.

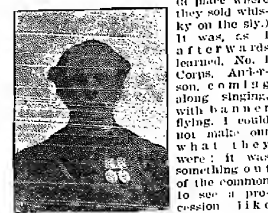
"His blood can make the vilest clean."  
"His blood avails for me."

What joy! What glad tidings! Why, it is "Christmas" to that poor soul! He recognizes that through the birth of Christ his dead soul will find the way to life, and no man rejoices all to himself—he spreads the glad news to a Savior's joy. When a Christian comes home, resting in that home—made joyful by the returning of a sinning husband and father! There may not be a crucifix in the house, but there is a new birth, new life, new inspiration; poverty is forgotten and they all with one voice shout for joy "Father is coming!"

How many just such scenes as these have transpired since the Salvation Army made its advent! Many a poor, broken-down man, who had made up his mind to die, and his little family were going down to starvation and neglect, to fill a pauper's grave, have seen their husband come home—wondering for the past, saying he that night had found Christ at the Army pennant—can't wait to tell his family the good news. Was Christ not born to bring "peace on earth, good-will towards men?" So the Army comes crowding forth the glad tidings, and says "God bless the Salvation Army!"

**Templo**

The first time I saw the Salvation Army was in Glasgow, Scotland, when a comrade of mine, that had been in H. M. S. along with me, were out one Sunday morning, after a night's spree, looking



day morning, I enquired what they were, and my comrade told me it was the Salvation Army. I had nearly twelve months after that when I saw them again. I had been on with my wife to hear the farewell address of Majors Whitte and McGinnis, the Evangelists. I was in the street Sunday morning, and it was raining very hard, when we saw them. No. 11 Brighton Corps, singing and marching along up the street. My wife said to me, "Those people must be very earnest, and those or they would not be out in the rain." My wife asked me to go again. I wanted to do better. I had often times made resolutions that I would do better, that I would give up drinking, but I could not. I made them again, and gave way to the first temptation. Oh, how I tried in my own strength to do better. To give

up this bad habit, and that—but it was always a failure.

I never cared to go to any place of worship, and if I saw any one that I thought would speak to me about my soul, I would get away on the other side of the street ; but with great persuasion from my wife, I went to the Holiness meeting. It was conducted by Captain Byford. He was fair-veiled, and was administering the Lord's supper to the Soldiers and Christian friends. It was offered to me, but I did not partake of it, as I knew I was not worthy to do so, and never again.

[illegible]

All these things came before my mind, and I prayed to God that He would have mercy upon me and forgive my many sins. I thought of Him that if He would forgive me, I might be able to see Him the remainder of my days, whether they be few or many. Praise Him! He gave me the witness then that He accepted me, and that I was in His mercy and shouted "Glory be to God!"

My wife and I, after fighting in the ranks of the great Salvation Army for many years, were promoted to officers. I have a never-failing friend, "We have been through persecutions, many trials and difficulties to come through, but bless Him! He has been with us, and He has done more for us than we ever expected. His grace has been sufficient under all circumstances, and I can say with all the saints in David, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within thee, bless His Holy Name,"

**Nelson, B C.**

About twelve and a-half years ago I came to Christ in a Salvation Army meeting in the town of Bowmanville, Canada. I was a moralist, and did not have those terrible views that some have, yet I had a great respect for the rights of the conscience—but I thought that God took no notice of that. I had one great besetting sin that of reading all kinds of sporting books and papers. I sought God for deliverance from this, and He gave me His Word, and these, for he sanctified my soul and gave me freedom, liberty and power for service. I thank God ever since He has kept me with a bright, clear, definite conscience out of this serving, rendering, keeping power. I don't know what discouragement or defeat is during the last twelve years. God has wonderfully blessed, helped and used me during this time. I have been able to praise God and praise God, I do, you will find my experience in the Salvation Army Song-Book No. 159.

Have very near to God. Talk no more of others-of ANY others. The way I feel any time, I say out to the Lord, "God, I love God. Look to Him! Look to Him!! Look to Him!!! for everything and you will make no mistake in making everything to Him. I mean, there is no one thing that God cannot give. I may take you some time to get this, but I am at it always. It is better to trust Him than to doubt Him. I encourage all princes. So said King David, and he knew.

\* \* \*

Tell all your life be in God. Let others see me, I do not serve God and live in Him. If you say you cannot do this, get on your knees and tell God you cannot do anything else but live in Him, and if He does not answer you, I will be with you and He will answer you with the fulness of His blessing. Read His Word and believe it. God means all He has said.

